

To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately *Troie* mong' her Nymphs
Dost ouer-shine the Gallant' *It* Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyle,
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.
Speake Queene of Goths dost thou applaud my choyle?
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and Holy-water are so neere,
And Tapers burne so bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade espous'd my Bride along with me.

Tamo. And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queene of Gothes,
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Satur. Ascend Faire Queene,
Pantheon Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites,

Tit. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar. O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonne.

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.

Luc. But let vs giue him buriall as be comes:
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our Bretheren.

Tit. Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe:
This Monument fise hundred yeares hath stood,
Which I haue Sumptuously re-edified:
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Seruitors,
Repose in Fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.

Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two Sonnes speakes.
And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes.
He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.

Tit. What would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. *Marcus*, Euen thou hast stroke vpon my Crest,
And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1. Sonne. He is not himselfe, let vs withdraw.

2. Sonne. Not I tell *Mutius* bones be buried.

The Brother and the Sonnes kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.

2. Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speake.

Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.

Luc. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre

His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,

That died in Honour and *Lavinia's* cause.

Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:

The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Aias*

That slew himselfe: And *Laertes* sonne,

Did graciously plead for his Funerals:

Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,

Be bar'd his entrance heere.

Tit. Rise *Marcus*, rise,

The dismall' *It* day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome:

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe.

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy

Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe: (friends

They all kneele and say.

No man shed teares for Noble *Mutius*,

He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause.

Mar. My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,

How comes it that the subtle Queene of Gothes,

Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,

(Whether by deuise or no) the heauens can tell,

Is the not then beholding to the man,

That brought her for this high good turne so farre?

Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flourish.

*Enter the Emperour, Tamora, and her two sons, with the Monie
at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and
Lavinia with others.*

Sat. So *Bassianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy sir of your Gallant Bride.

Bass. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue.

Sat. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape.

Bass. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife?

But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am posselt of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good sir: you are very short with vs,
But if we liue, wee be as sharpe with you.

Bass. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life,

Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,

That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,

In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.
To be controul'd in that he frankly gaue:

Receiue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath exprest himselfe in all his deeds,

A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus* leaue to plead my Deeds,
'Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,

Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,

Were

Were graecious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:

And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past.

Satur. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without reuenge?

Tam. Not so my Lord,

The Gods of Rome for-fend,

I should be Authour to dishonour you.

But on mine honour dare, I vndertake

For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:

Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:

Then at my sute looke graciously on him,

Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,

Nor with sowre looks afflict his gentle heart.

My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,

Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,

You are but newly planted in your Throne,

Least then the people, and Patricians too,

Vpon a iust suruey take *Titus* part,

And so supplant vs for ingratitude,

Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sin ne.

Yield at intreats, and then let me alone:

He finde a day to massacre them all,

And race their faction, and their familie,

The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous sonnes,

To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.

And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene

Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.

Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)

Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,

That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

King. Rise *Titus*, rise,

My Empresse hath preuail'd.

Titus. I thank you Maiestie,

And her my Lord.

These words, these looks,

Infuse new life in me.

Tamo. *Titus*, I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily.

And must aduise the Emperour for his good,

This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.

And let it be mine honour good my Lord,

That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.

For you Prince *Bassianus*, I haue past

My word and promise to the Emperour,

That you will be more milde and tractable.

And feare not Lords:

And you *Lavinia*,

By my aduise all humbled on your knees,

You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.

Son. We doe,

And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,

That what we did, was mildly, as we might,

Tending our sisters honour and our owne.

Mar. That on mine honour heere I do protest.

King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay,

Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,

The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,

I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

King. *Marcus*,

For thy sake and thy brothers heere,

And at my louely *Tamora's* intreats,

I doe remit these young mens haynous faults.

Stand vp: *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churle,

I found a friend, and sure as death I sware,

I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lavinia*, and your friends:
This day shall be a Loue-day *Tamora*.

Tit. To morrow and it please your Maiestie,

To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,

With horne and Hound,

Weele giue your Grace *Bon iour*.

Satur. Be it so *Titus*, and Gramercy to.

Exeunt.

Actus Secunda.

Flourish. *Enter Aaron alone.*

Aaron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduanc'd about pale enuies threatening reach:
As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
And ouer-looks the highest piercing hills:
So *Tamora*

Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aaron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistis,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to *Aarons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* ti'de to *Caucasus*.
Away with flauish weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empresse.
To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this *Semiramis*, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius braving.

Dem. *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'st affected be.

Chi. *Demetrius*, thou doo'st ouer-weene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,

'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:

I am as able, and as fit, as thou;
To serue, and to deferue my Mistis grace,

And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for *Lavinia's* loue.

Aaron. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduised)
Gaue you a daunsing Rapier by your side,

Are you so desperate growne to threat your fitends?
Goe too: haue your Lath glued within your sheath,

Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.

Dem. I Boy, grow ye so braue? *They drawe.*

Aaron. Why how now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,

And